

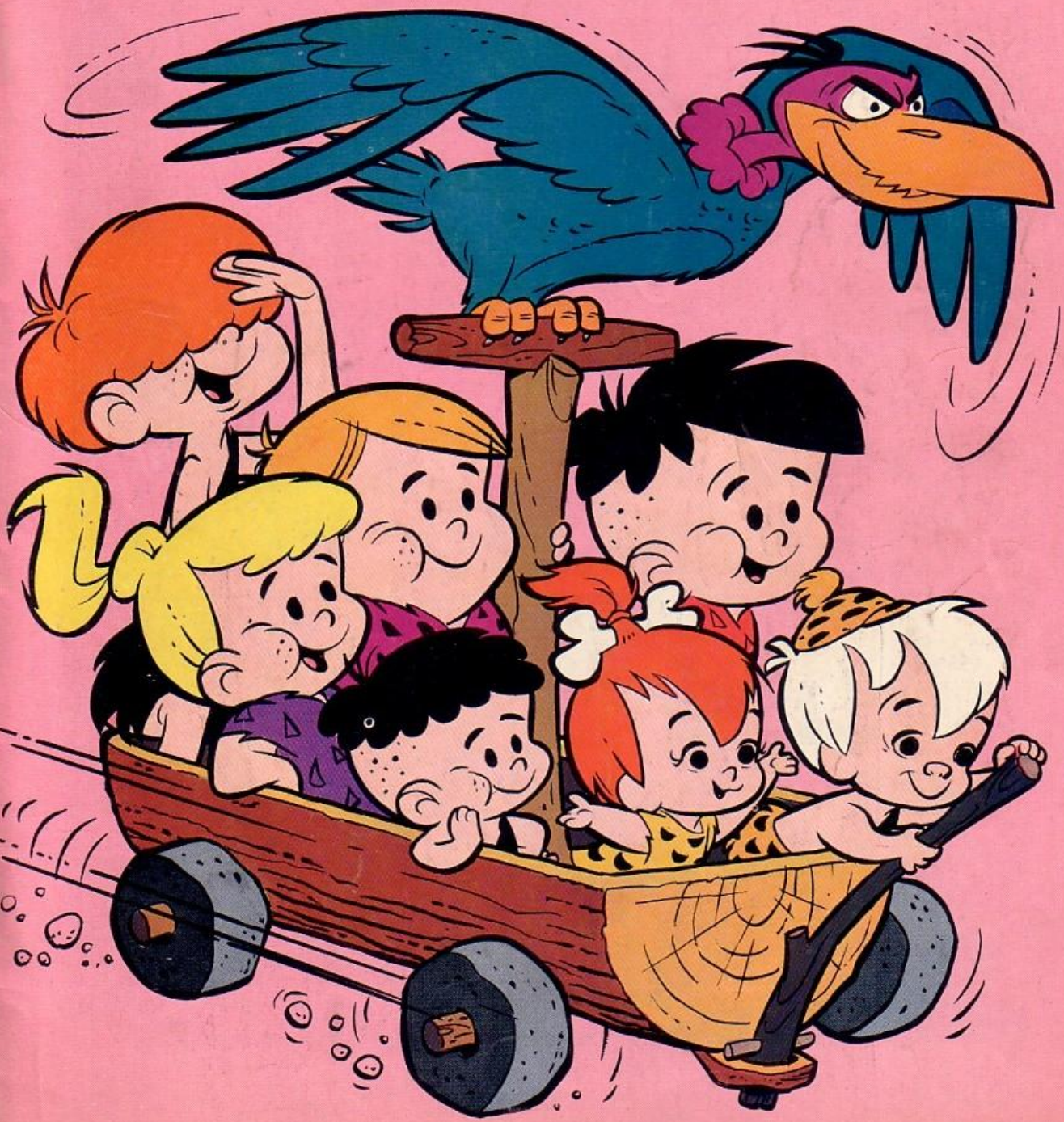
GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS *GE*

12c

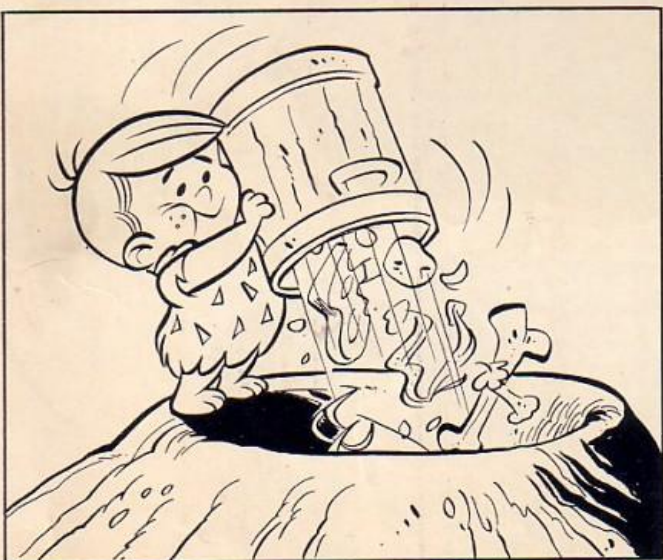
10044-506
JUNE

HANNA-BARBERA
CAVE KIDS
with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

THE PHONY FOSSILS

ROCKY RANGER,
TOP KID
IN THE
"RESCUE"
BUSINESS
HASN'T HEARD
A CALL FOR
HELP
IN AGES...

I'M BORED
WITH NO
BUSINESS!

JINX!

AND IZZY
EINSTONE,
JUVENILE
FOSSIL
FINDER,
HASN'T
FOUND
EVEN A
USED
WISHBONE
IN
ETERNITIES...

I'M BORED
WITH NO
BONES!

PLUS, I'VE GOT
BLISTERS!

SUDDENLY, ROCKY'S FEEBLE STEED,
FLAPPY, HITS AN AIR POCKET...

OOP!

HOOP!

...AN AIR
POCKET
WITH A
HOLE
IN IT!

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AND FLAPPY FLIES ON, WITH A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS MISSING... ONLY HE CAN'T QUITE PUT HIS FINGER ON IT...

DUH-H!

SPLASH!

SPLOSH!

UGH! I'VE LANDED IN IZZY EINSTONE'S PLASTER THAT HE USES TO MAKE MOLDS OF FOSSILS...

GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

(WHEW!) IT'S FAST HARDENING... I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

BLOSH!

OO
II

FOR A CHANGE I'LL SEE IF I CAN FISH ANY FOSSILS OUT OF THE TAR PIT!

HEY! I'VE GOT A WHOPPER!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO WASH OFF THE GOOK AND SEE WHAT IT IS!

I COULD BECOME A FAMOUS FOSSIL-ER AS A RESULT OF THIS!

SPLOOSH!

WOW! IT...IT'S THE SKULL OF A REAL WEIRDO!

I RESENT THAT!

BUT, OF COURSE, IF IZZY HAD X-RAY EYES HE COULD SEE THAT ALL HE HAS IS **ROCKY RANGER...**

LOOKIT THOSE **TEETH!**

FOOEY!

I HOPE I CAN FIND THE REST OF HIS SKELETON!

SIGH! AT LEAST THERE ARE ENOUGH TINY AIR HOLES IN THIS PLASTER TO ENABLE ME TO BREATHE!

YAY! I FOUND HIS **LEG BONE!**

EH? MUST BE THE SOUP BONE FLAPPY DROPPED!

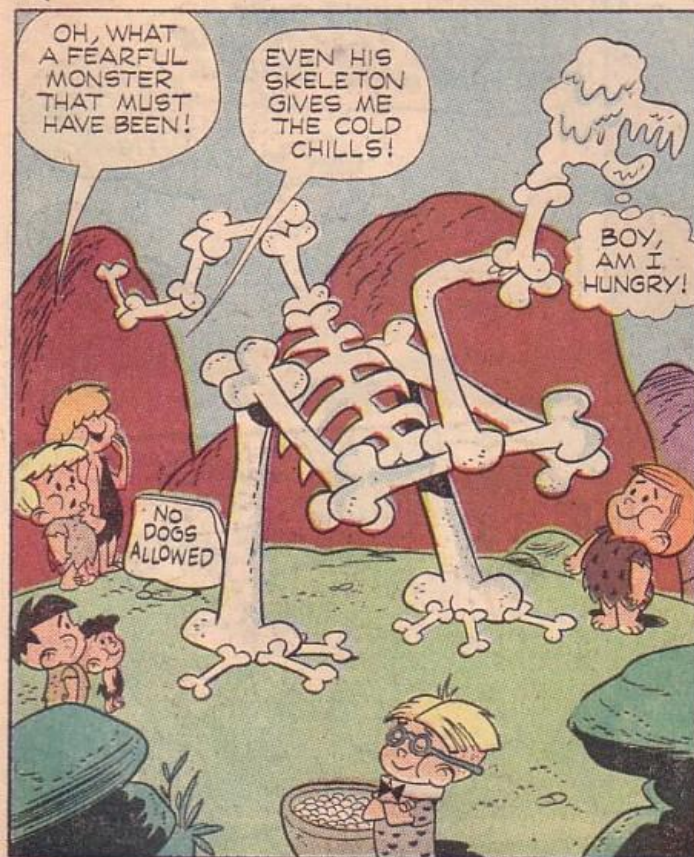
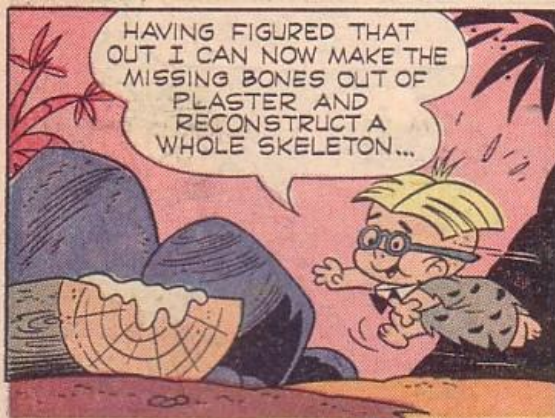
BUT TRY AS HE DOES, IZZY JUST CAN'T COME UP WITH ANY MORE BONES...

(WHEW!) I'M TIRED OF TAR-PIT FISHIN'!

HMM... BUT IT'S OBVIOUS FROM THIS **STURDY LEG BONE** THAT THIS WAS A CREATURE THAT DID A LOT OF **HOPPING!**

BRIGHT IDEA

WHY, IT WAS A **HOPPIDSAURUS**, OF COURSE!



WHILE BACK AT THE BONE-SHOW...

LISTEN TO MY
HUNGRY TUMMY
GROWL!

GROWL-L!

WOW!
A HAUNTED
SKULL!

I'M
S-SCARED!

YEAH! WE'RE
REALLY GETTING
OUR MONEY'S
WORTH!

JUST THEN FLAPPY
ZEEPS-IN ON HIS
BELOVED SOUP BONE...

WHOOPS! LOOK
OUT FOR LOW-
FLYING SAURUS
CRAFT!

SUPBN!

ZOOM!

YMM!

HEY!
LEGGO
OF THAT
LEG
BONE!

ONLY A FLAPPYSAURUS
AND HIS SOUP BONE
ARE NOT EASILY PARTED,
BUT A MAKESHIFT
HOPPISSAURUS FORM
IS EASILY PARTED...

SUPBNZ-
GOOT!

AWK!
THE
SKULL
HAS
CRACKED!

YOU BIG DUNCE!
YOU'VE BUSTED-UP
A GREAT SCIENTIFIC
EXHIBIT!

CRASH!



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CAVE KIDS

SMALL-TYPE
MYSTERY

THE CAVE KIDS ARE QUIETLY
MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS,
WHEN MUCH TO THEIR
HORROR...

BONK!

OW!

S-SMALL STUFF'S
CLUB JUST HIT HIM...
ALL BY ITSELF!

...AND
FOR NO
REASON!

EEEK! NOW OUR
BEACHBALL IS
BEWITCHED!

BOOP!

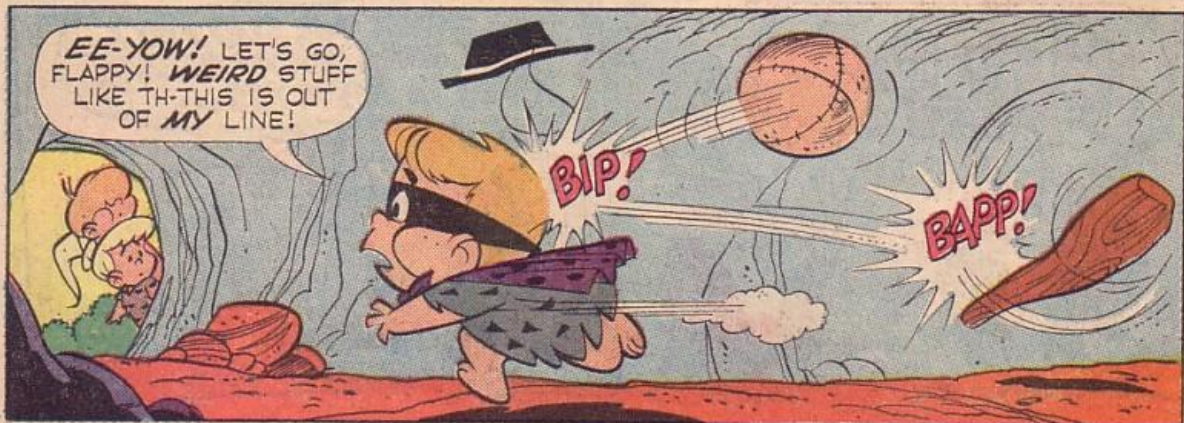
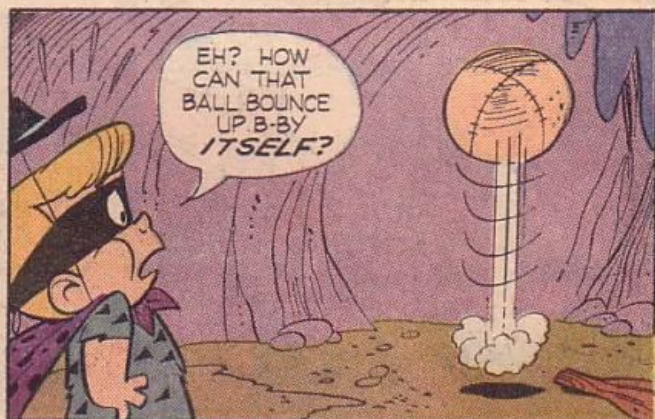
BOP!

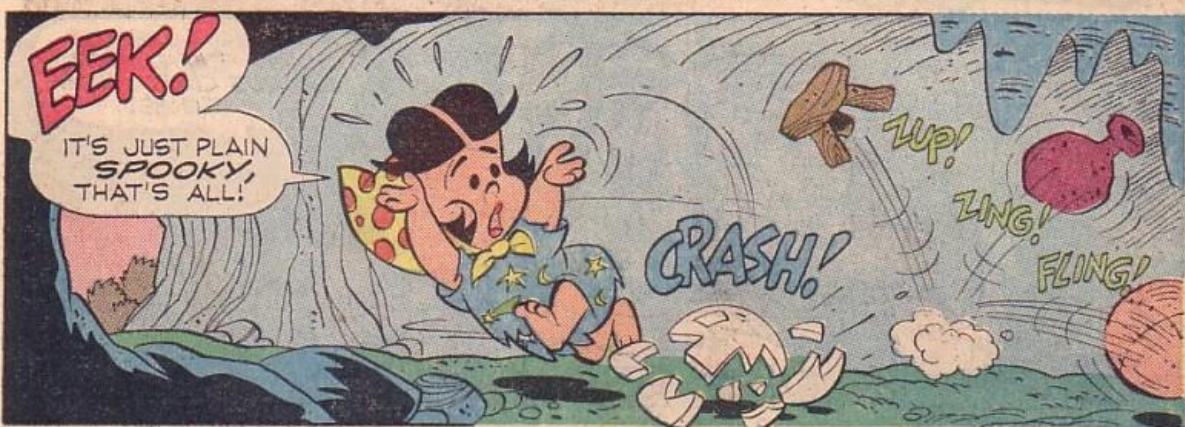
HALP!

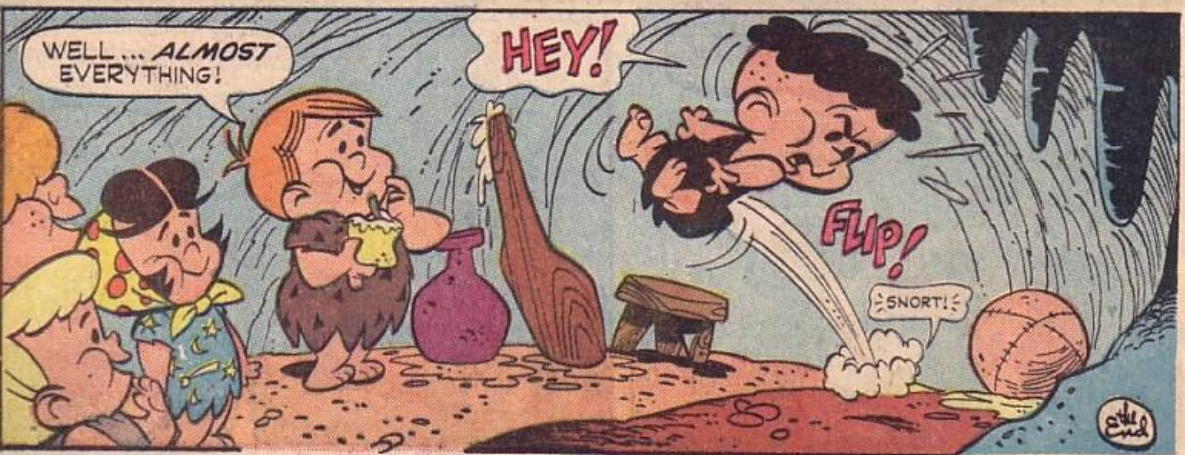
CAVE
KIDS

AND ONLY A HOP, FLAP AND A
FLIGHT AWAY, ROCKY RANGER
RISES IN RESPONSE...

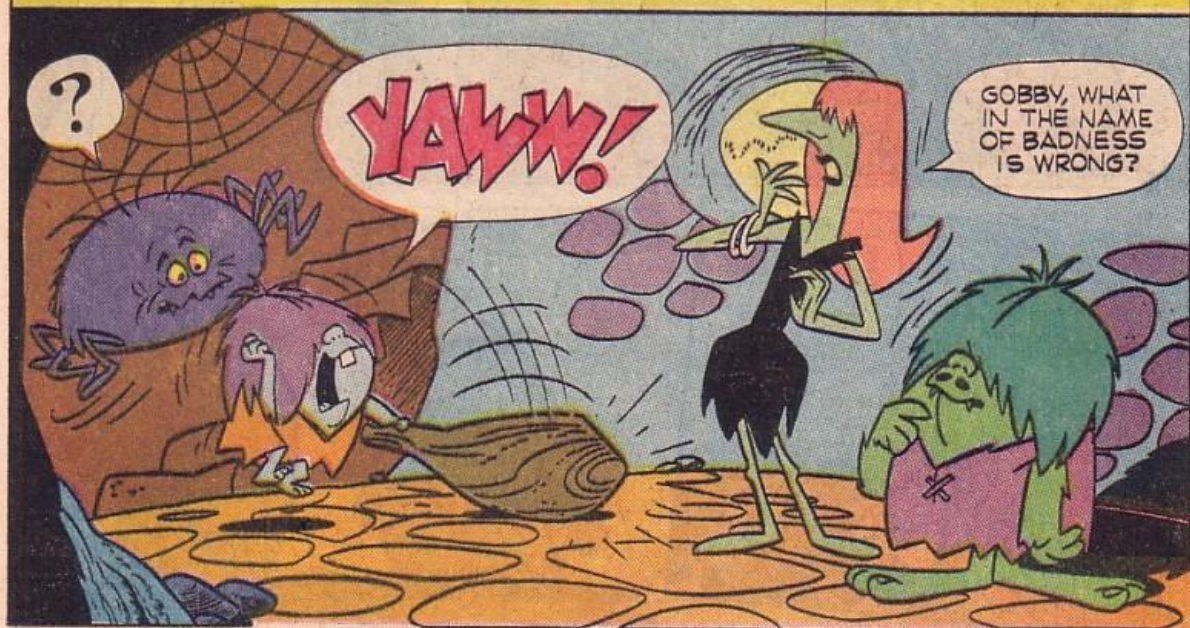
COMING,
KIDS!

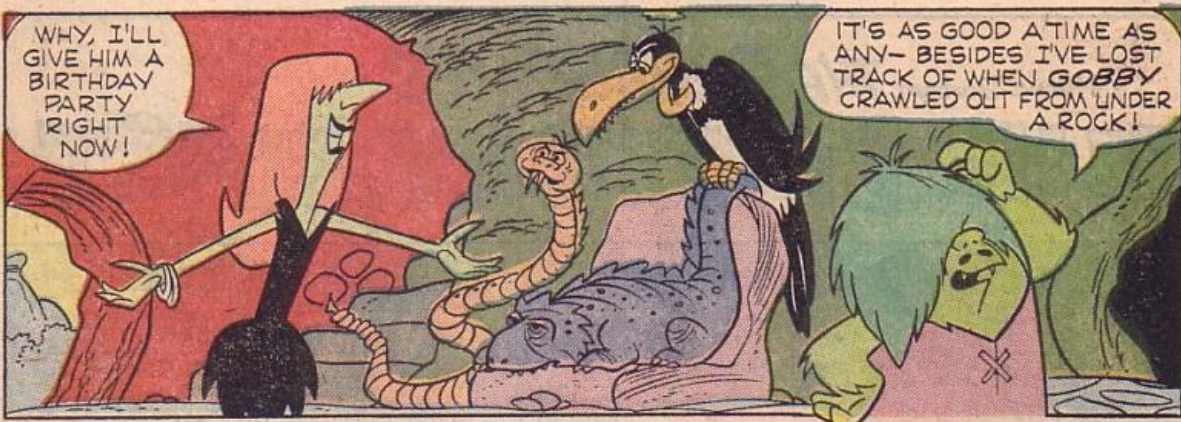


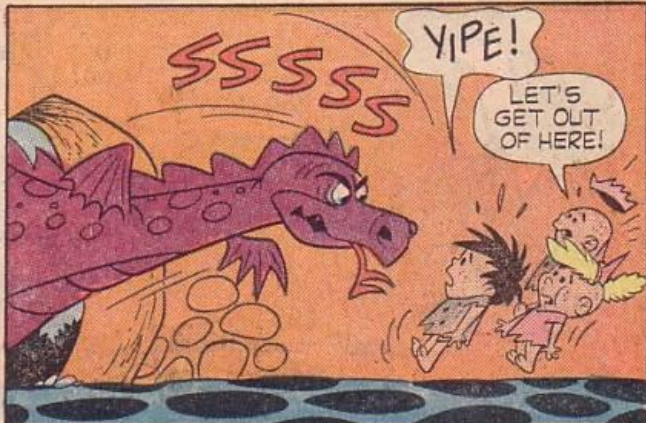
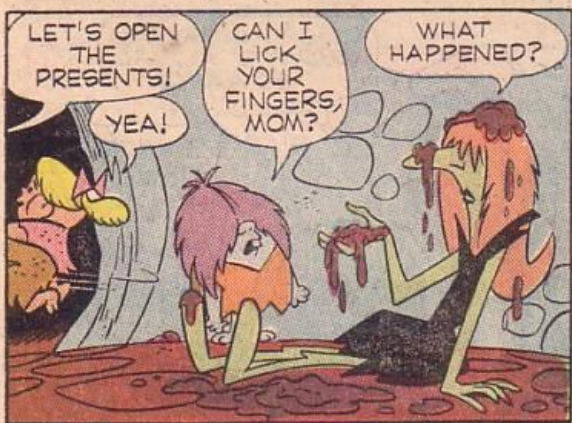
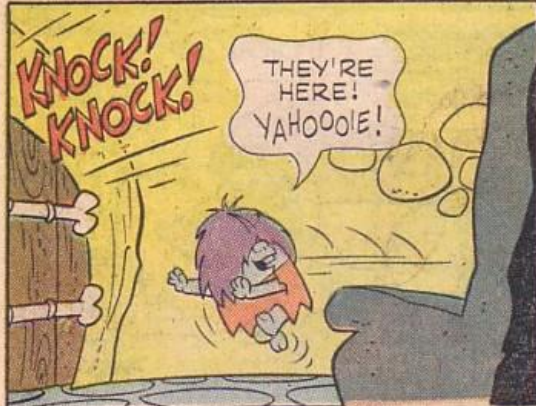




Hanna-Barbera **THE GRUESOMES**
THE BIRTHDAY BLAST









SKATE MATES



"Aw, please take us with you, Mr. Jinks. We are all dressed to go skating," said Dixie.

"Yeah, Jinksy," added Dixie. "Be a good skate and take us skating with you. We have our hats and coats on, all ready to go."

"No—N-O!!" shouted Mr. Jinks. "This will be the last time I get to go skating on the ice this year, and I don't want you meeces bothering me to pieces! We will never be skate mates! N-E-V-E-R!"

"Oh, all right for you," grumbled Dixie, but Pixie whispered, "Come on! We'll go anyway!" And he scooted over to where Jinksy's coat lay, calling, "Crawl into this pocket while Jinksy isn't looking."

Soon, Mr. Jinks put on his coat, cap and scarf, and picked up his shoe-skates and started off for the frozen lake. Pixie and Dixie kept as quiet as could be.

When Jinksy reached the lake, they peeked out of his pocket as they heard cheering from the other skaters on the shore. "Here comes the champ!" and "Hey, there's that fancy skater!" shouted the skaters. Mr. Jinks waved at them, sat down and put on his skates, lacing them just right.

"Now!" Pixie signaled Dixie, as Mr. Jinks stood up. The two mice skittered down onto Jinksy's skates and settled themselves on the toes of the shoes, holding onto the ends of the shoelaces for safety. Soon, Mr. Jinks was skimming over the ice.

"Wheel! This is fun!" laughed Dixie. "It sure is a thrill skating with Jinksy."

"Yeah," agreed Pixie. "But hang on. Mr. Jinks will be going into his fancy stuff in just a minute."

Pixie was right. Mr. Jinks began making figure-eights. Soon he was leaping and turning and twisting in the air. Pixie and Dixie

hung on to the shoelaces for dear life, as the skaters on shore applauded. The cheering crowd spurred Mr. Jinks on, and with head high, he proudly zipped across the lake.

Then Pixie and Dixie heard a terrifying sound — the ice was breaking. Ahead of them a long crack appeared. Mr. Jinks was too busy thinking of the fine figure he was cutting to notice the danger.

"Jump!" shouted Pixie, "and hang on to the ends of the shoelaces."

They jumped. Swinging from the shoelaces, they wrapped the strings about Mr. Jinks's legs and tripped him, just in time to send him sprawling over the ice to safety.

"You!" screeched Mr. Jinks, when he saw them still clinging to the shoelaces. "I will get you for this. You tripped me, you miserable meeces!"

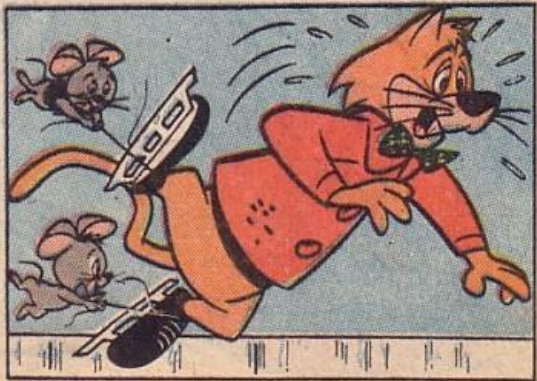
"Don't be hasty, Jinksy," grinned Pixie. "Look over there before you begin chasing us. What do you see?"

Mr. Jinks gulped, as he looked at the big crack in the ice which widened into a gaping hole not far away. Then he scooped up the two little mice and skated carefully away from the dangerous hole.

"Gee, thanks, fellars," he breathed, when they were safely on shore. "I didn't know the ice was that unsafe. I thought it was still solid, even though spring is almost here. How can I say it — like I love you two meeces to pieces?" As Mr. Jinks hugged his little pals, he exclaimed, "You're the best li'l skate mates anyone ever had!"

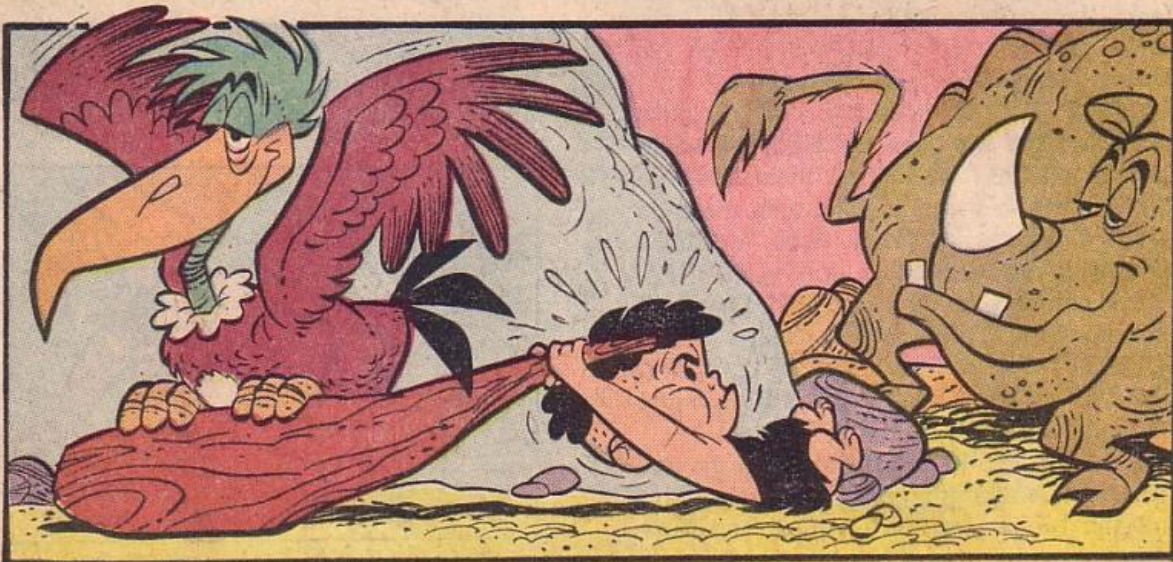
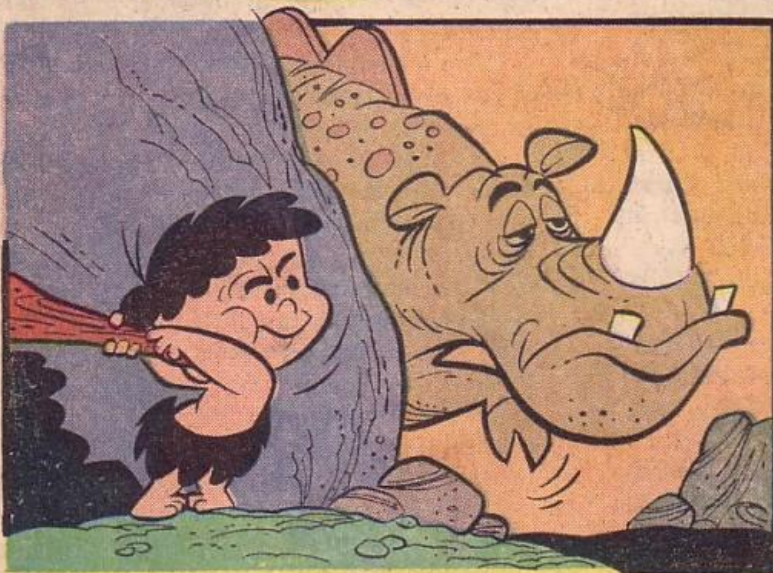
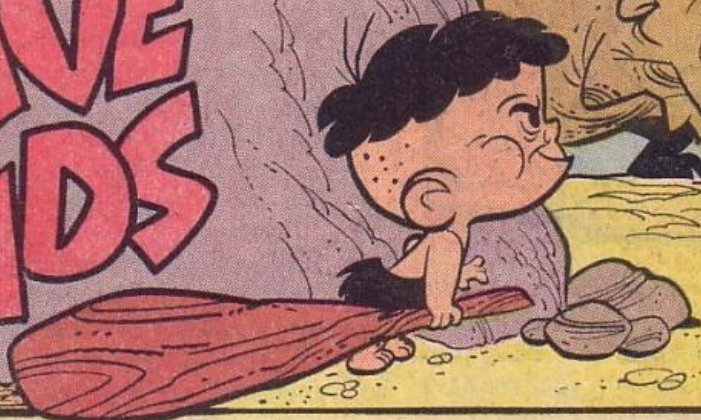
"SKATE MATES??" echoed Pixie and Dixie.

"What else?" grinned Mr. Jinks. "And next winter we will be skate mates all season long. We'll even be roller-skate mates this summer, just to prove I mean what I say!"



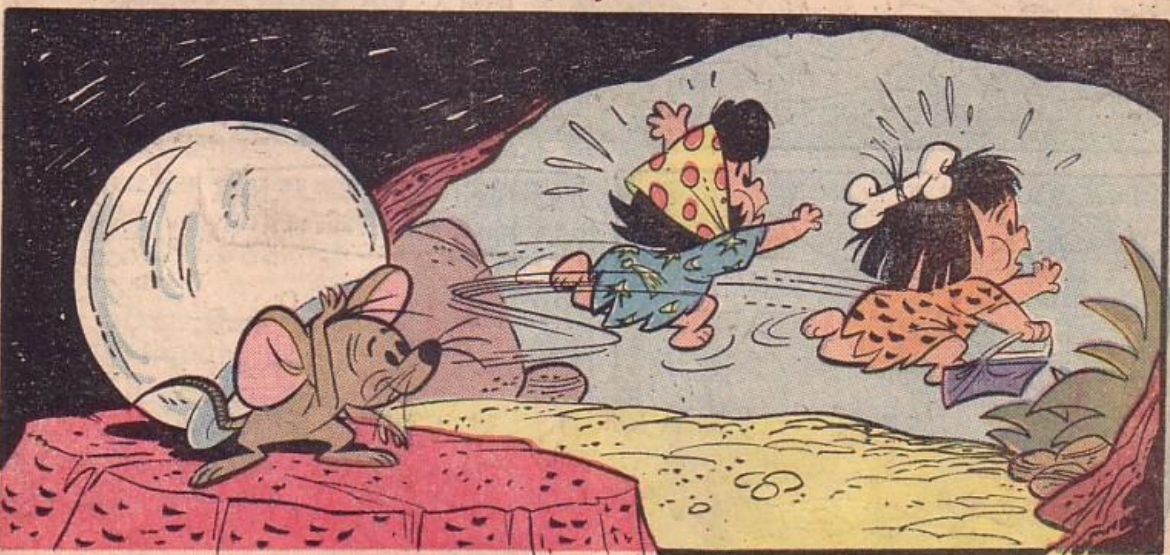
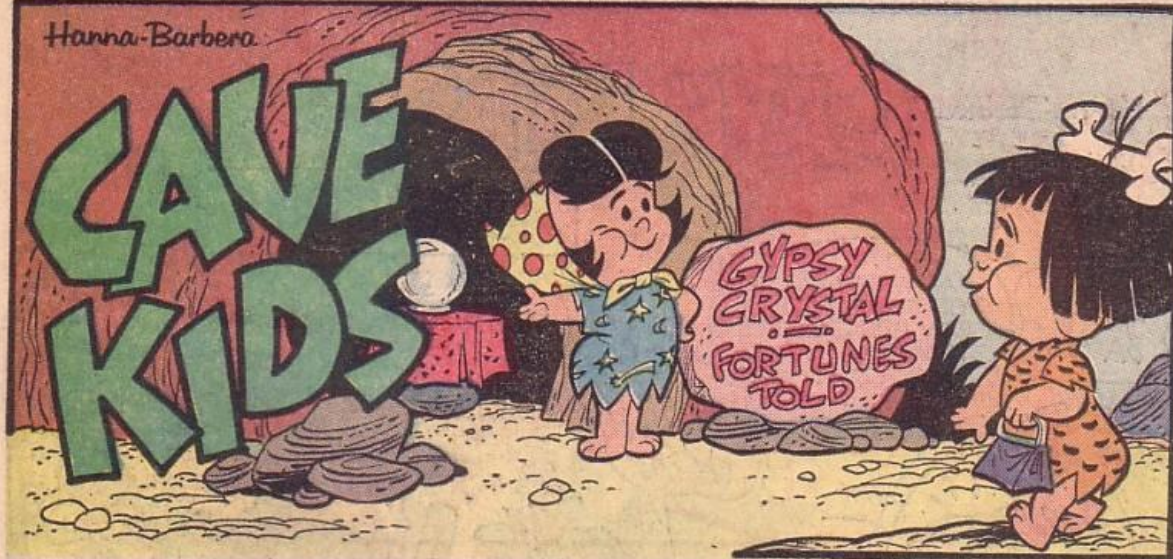
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CAVE KIDS



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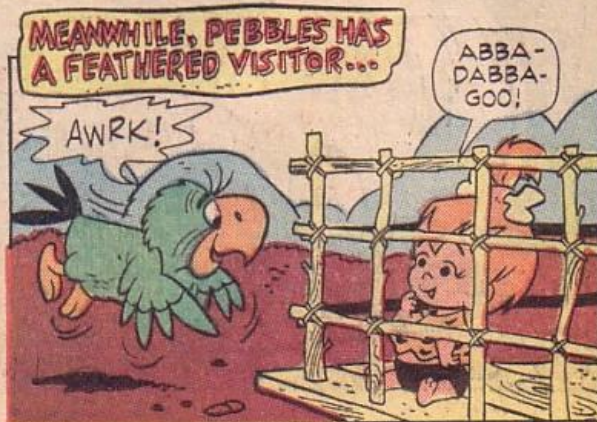
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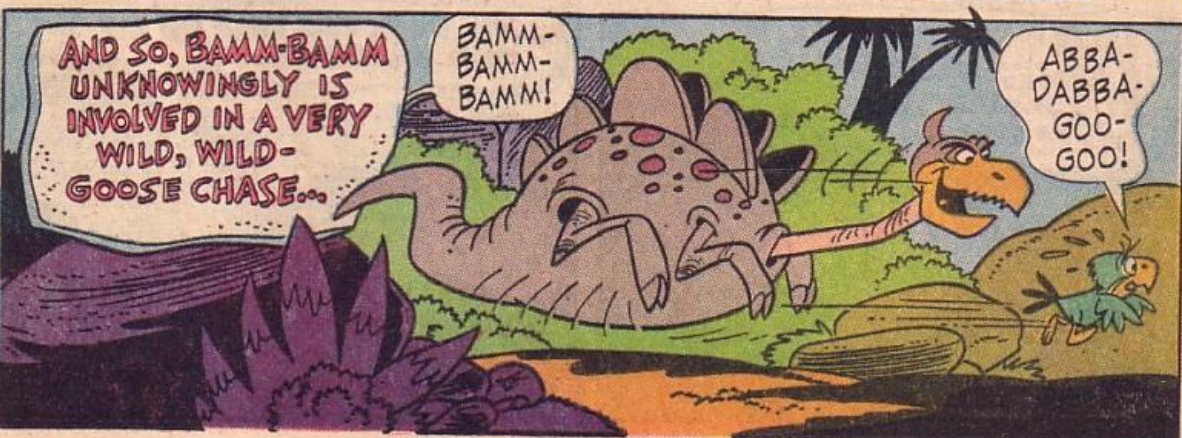
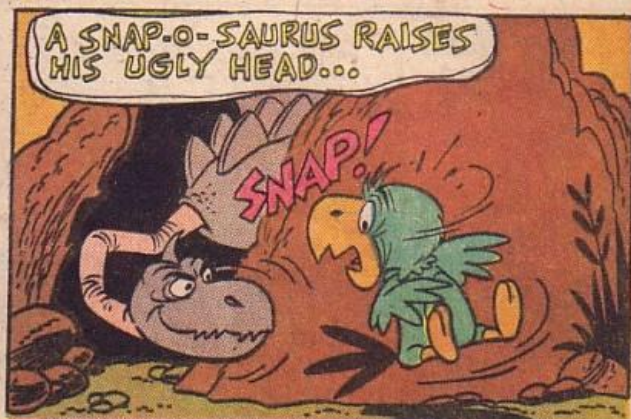
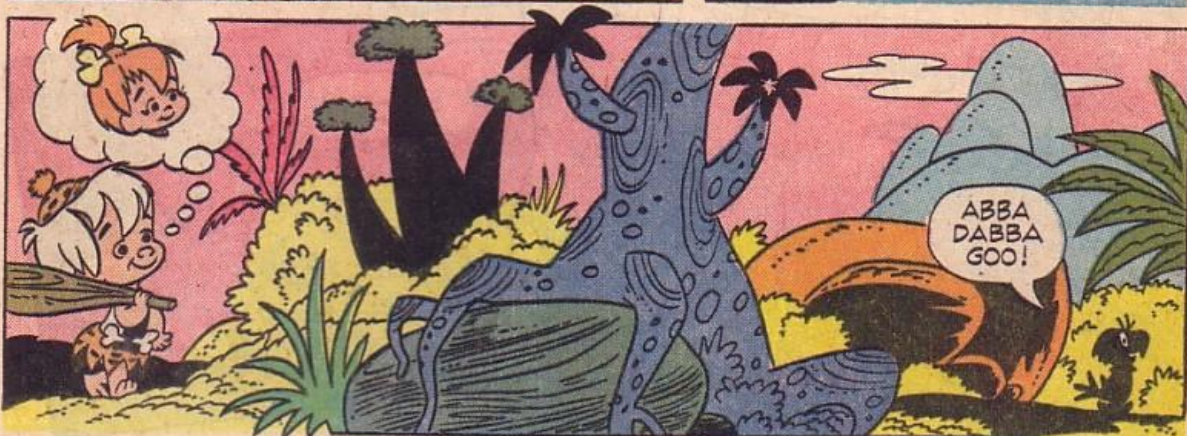


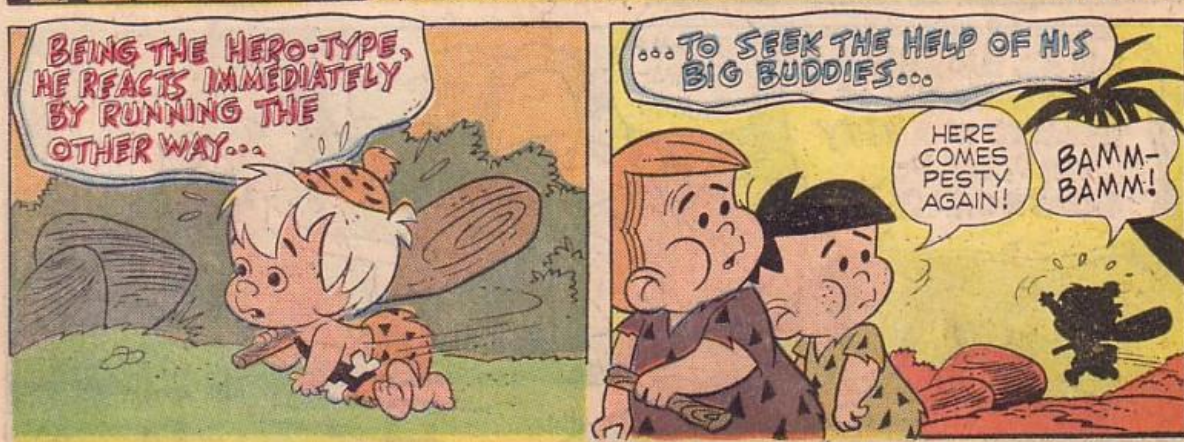
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CAVE KIDS

TO THE RESCUE



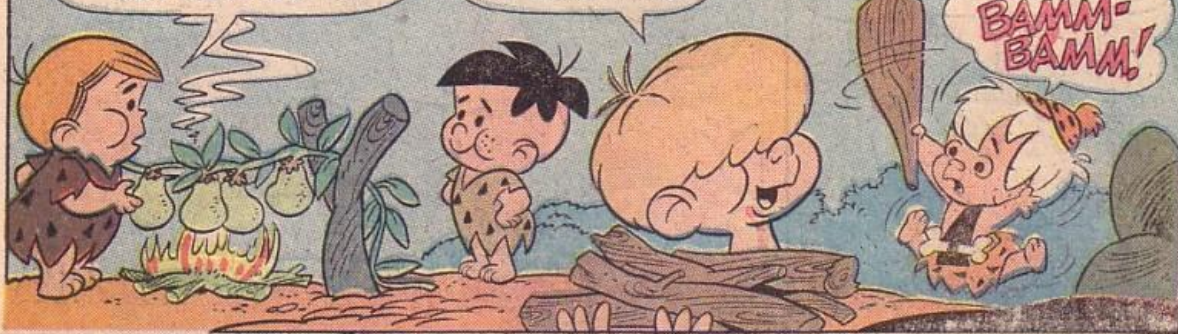




WE'LL BE BUSY ALL DAY
FEEDING THE FIRE UNDER
OUR RUDAFRUITI...

SO GO SIT ON A
TACK-O-SAURUS
OR SOMETHING!

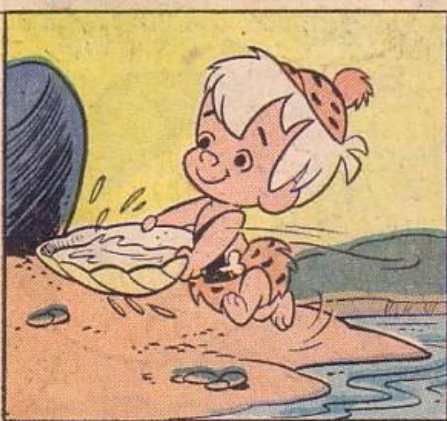
BAMM-
BAMM-
BAMM-
BAMM!



IDEA

THAT'S IT...TAKE A
DIP, BAMM-BAMM!

BAMMO!



OH, NO! HE PUT OUT
OUR FIRE!

BAMM-
BAMM!

SIZZLE!



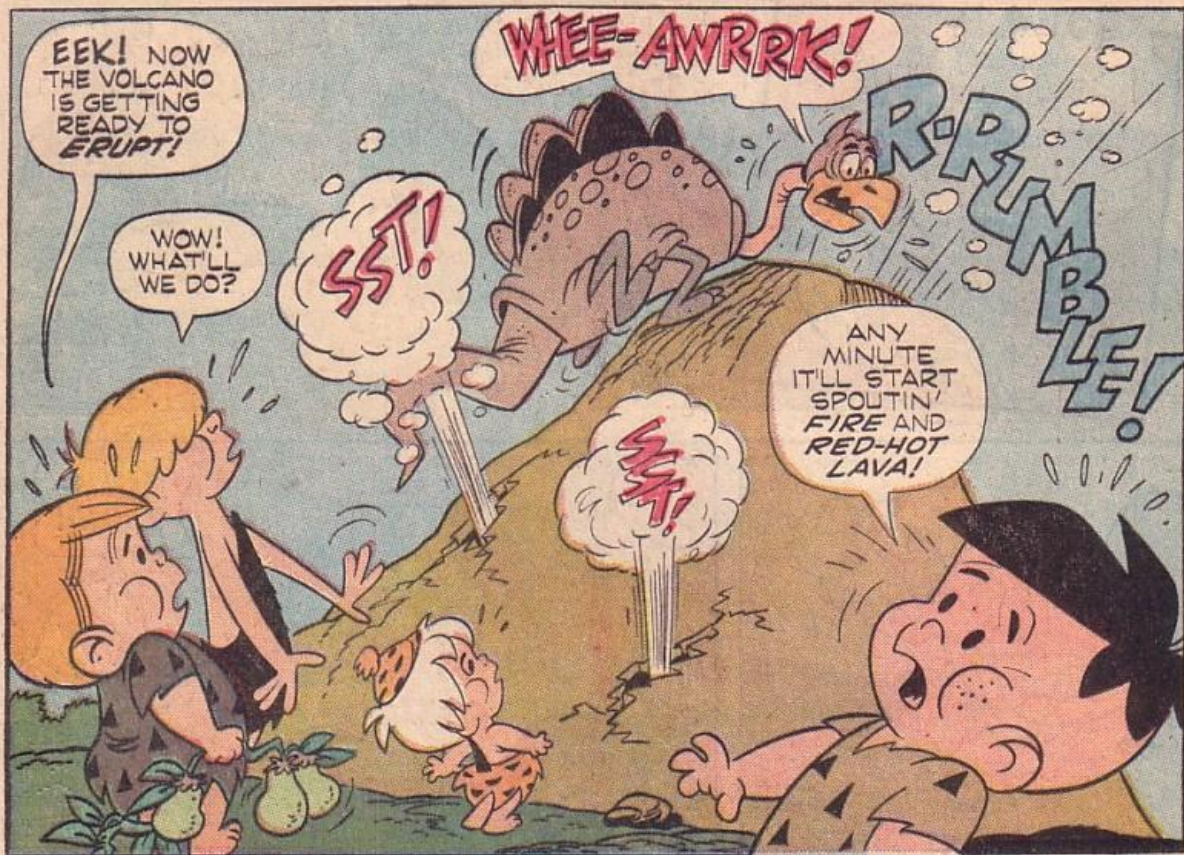
GRR! DON'T LET
HIM GET AWAY
WITH IT!

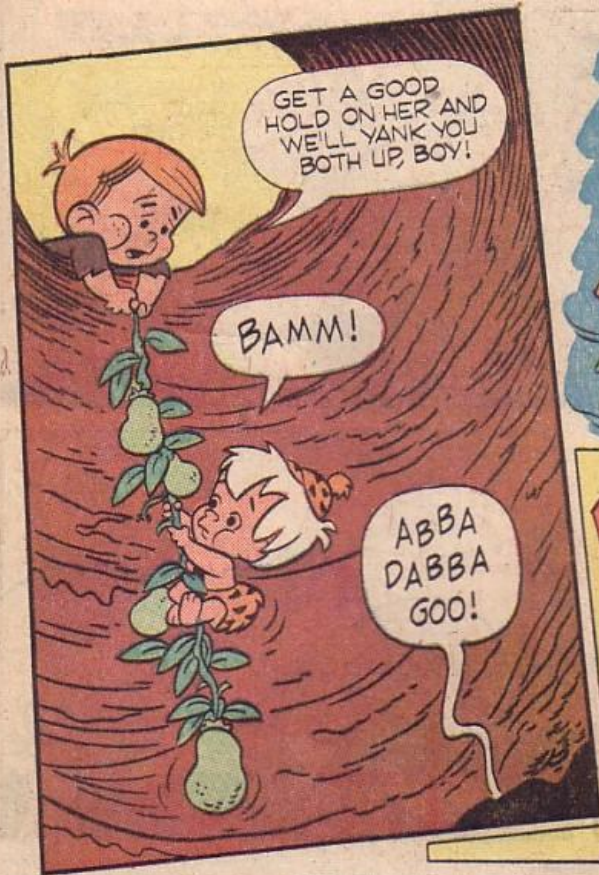
I'LL SMACK HIM WITH
THE RUDAFRUITI VINE!

FIEND IN
INFANT-
WEAR!

BAMMY!







MY GOODNESS!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING, BOYS?

ABBA
DABBA!

WELL, WE THOUGHT WE WERE
RESCUING **PEBBLES!**

BUT IT WAS ONLY
A PARROT IN THE
CRATER!

HEY! IT'S
RAINING
RUDAFRUIT!
FROM THE...
GLOMPH!

SMACK! WHY,
IT'S JUICY AND
TENDER
ALREADY!

ONE BLAST OF
THE VOLCANO DID
WHAT'S ORDINARILY
AN ALL-DAY
COOKING JOB!

AND
So...

YUM YUM!
WHAT A
FEAST!

I ESPECIALLY LIKE
THE DEEP TANGY
VOLCANO ASH
FLAVOR!

BAMM-
BAMM!

?

ABBA
DABBA
GOO!

WELL, I GUESS THE DAY WOULDN'T
BE COMPLETE WITHOUT **PEBBLES**
GOING ON A FALSE ALARM, TOO!

BAMM-
BAMM!

GOO!

BAMM-
BAMM!

End

Hanna-Barbera

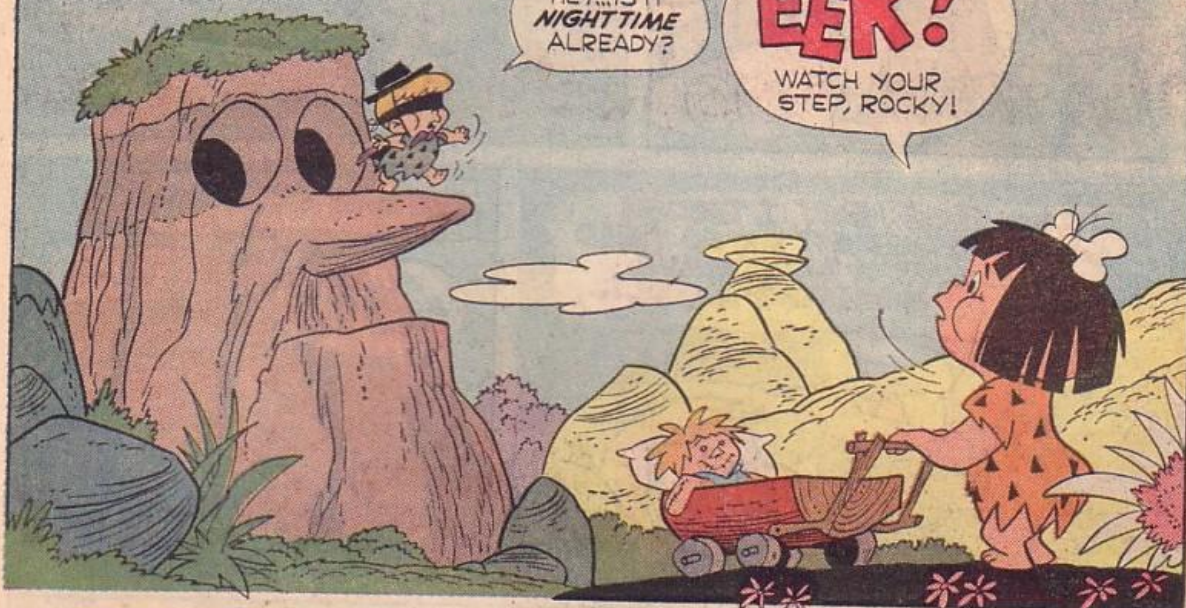
CAVE KIDS

THE BEASTLY
WINDBAG

HEY...IS IT
NIGHT TIME
ALREADY?

EEK!

WATCH YOUR
STEP, ROCKY!



Y-I-I-I!

PLUNK!

(WHEW!)
JUST IN
TIME!



HUH? NO WONDER! WHILE I WAS
NAPPING, SOME PRANKSTER PUT
MY MASK ON ME BACKWARDS!

HA-
HA-HA!
WHAT A
SCREAM!

BUDDY BOULDER...
YOUR PRANKS AREN'T
FUNNY...I COULD'VE
BEEN HURT!





CAN'T TAKE
A JOKE...
HA - HA -
HO - HO -
HA - HA!

YOU'D THINK
HE'D GET WISE
SOMEDAY!

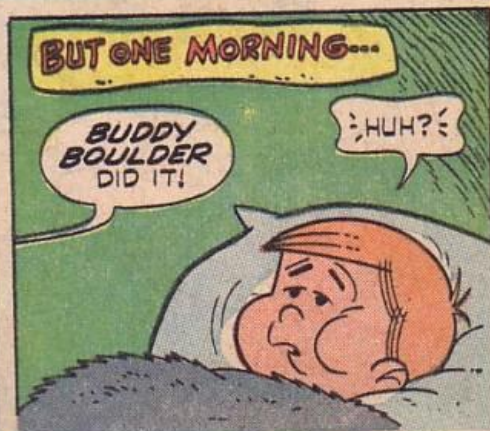


BUT BUDDY IS A PRANKSTER
FROM DAWN TO DUSK---

BOO!



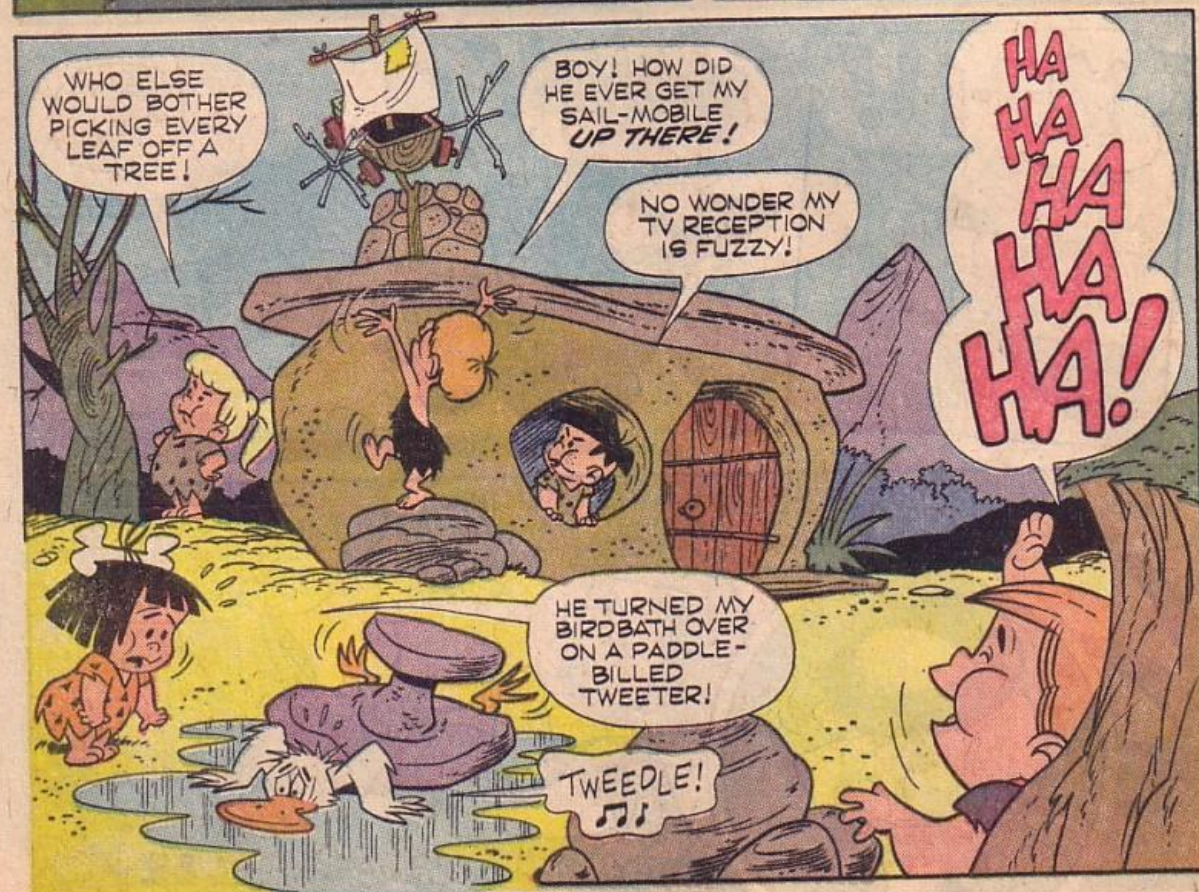
ONE GOOD THING ABOUT IT, THOUGH
--- BUDDY'S PRANKS GET HIM SO TIRED
THAT HE SLEEPS A FULL TWELVE
HOURS WITHOUT BOTHERING A SOUL---



BUT ONE MORNING---

BUDDY
BOULDER
DID IT!

HUH?!



WHO ELSE
WOULD BOTHER
PICKING EVERY
LEAF OFF A
TREE!

BOY! HOW DID
HE EVER GET MY
SAIL-MOBILE
UP THERE!

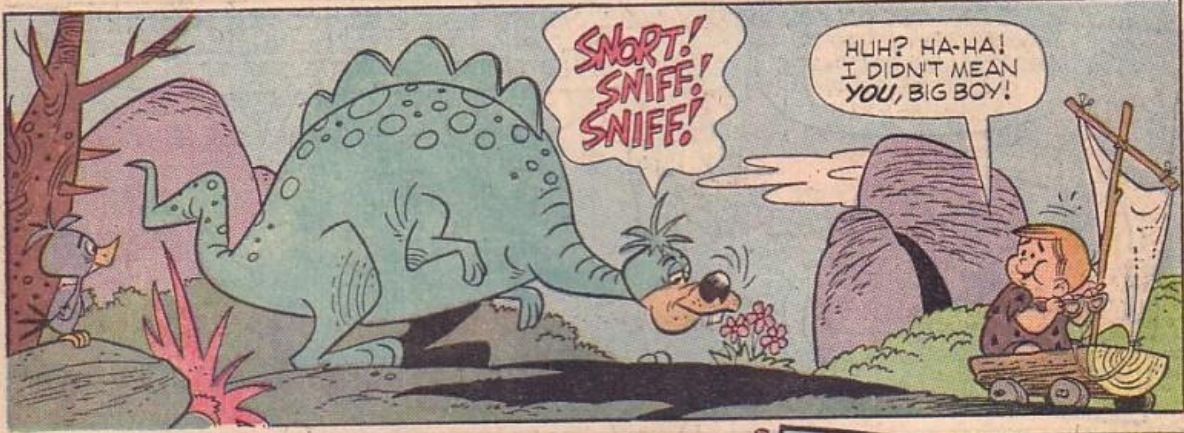
NO WONDER MY
TV RECEPTION
IS FUZZY!

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!

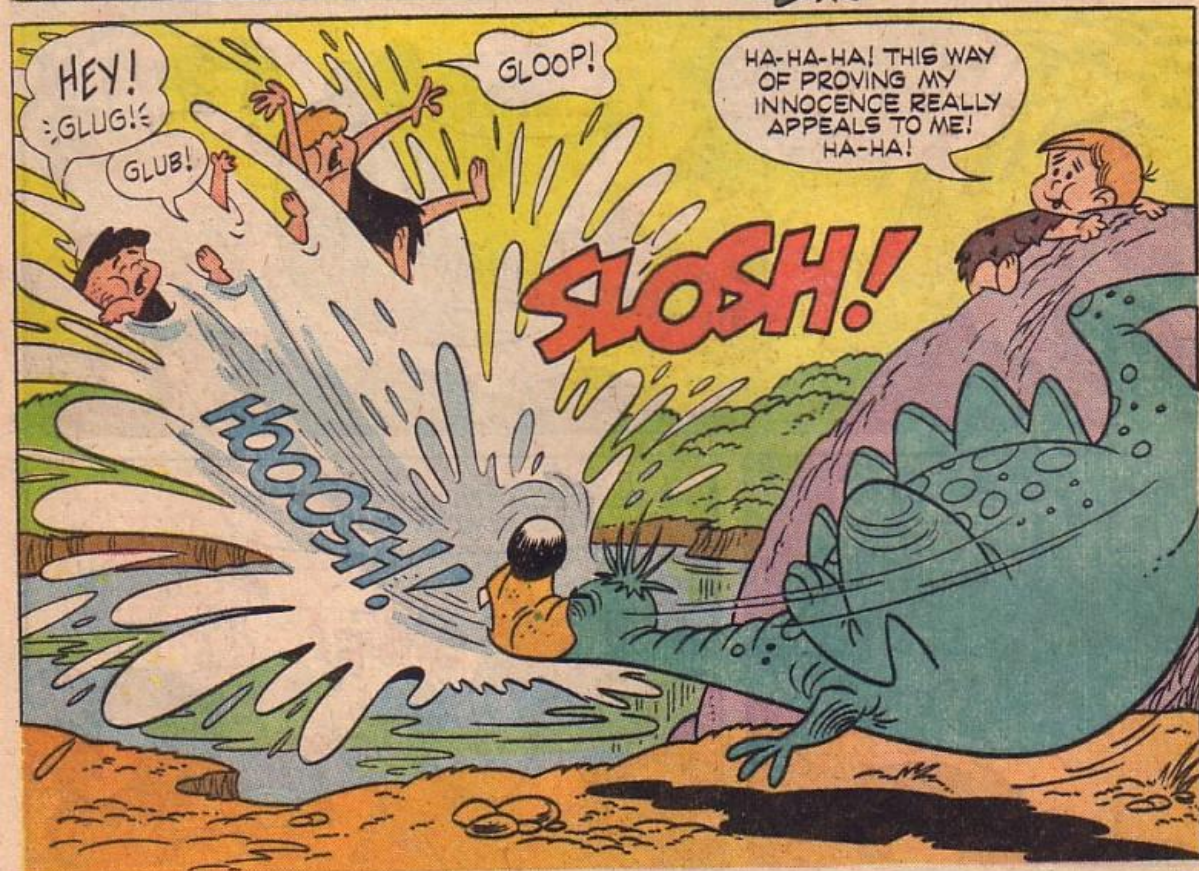
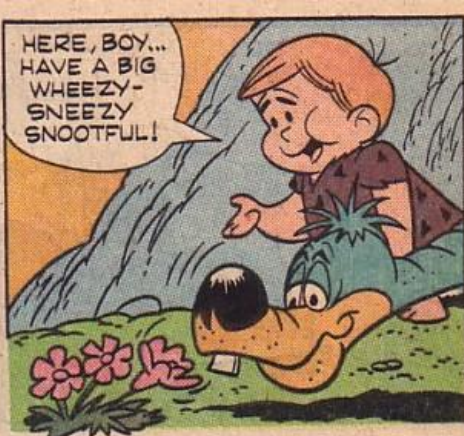
HE TURNED MY
BIRDBATH OVER
ON A PADDLE-
BILLED
TWEETER!

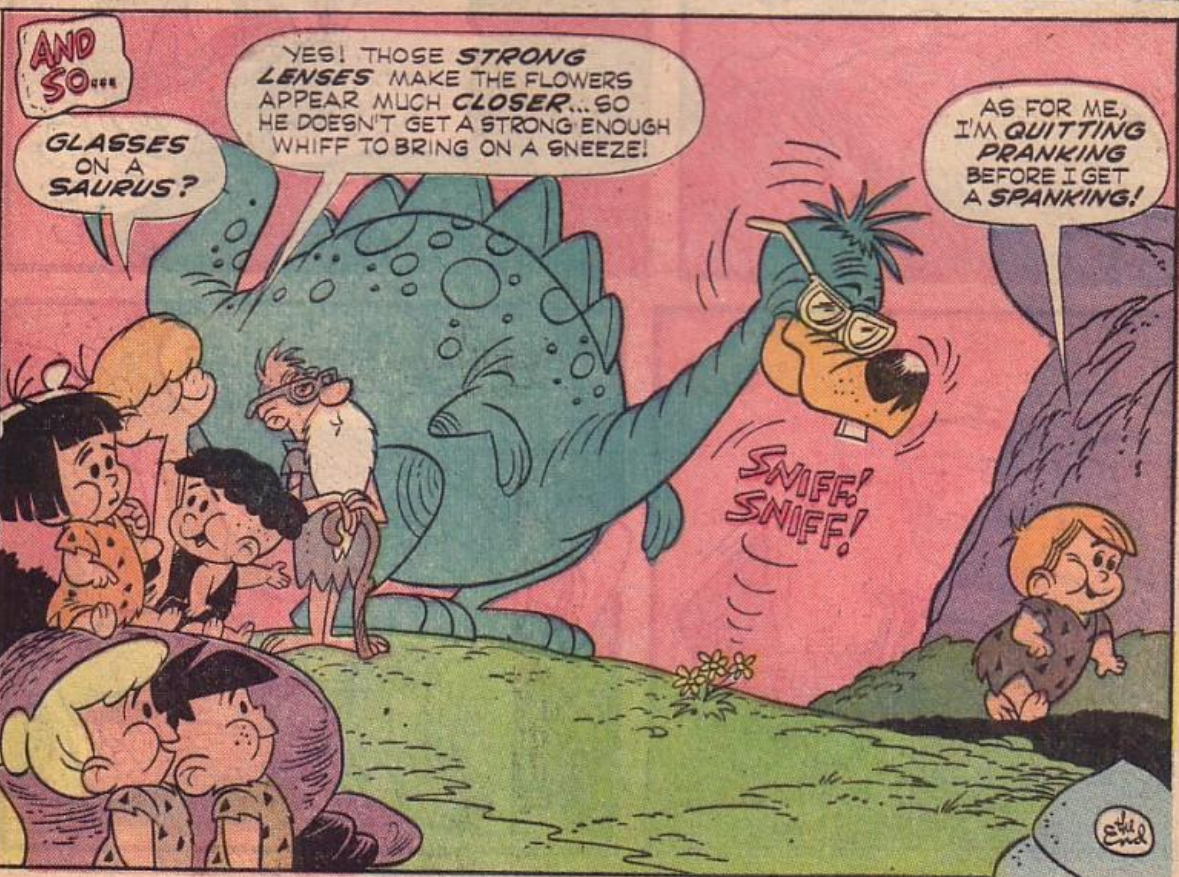
TWEEDLE!
♪♪



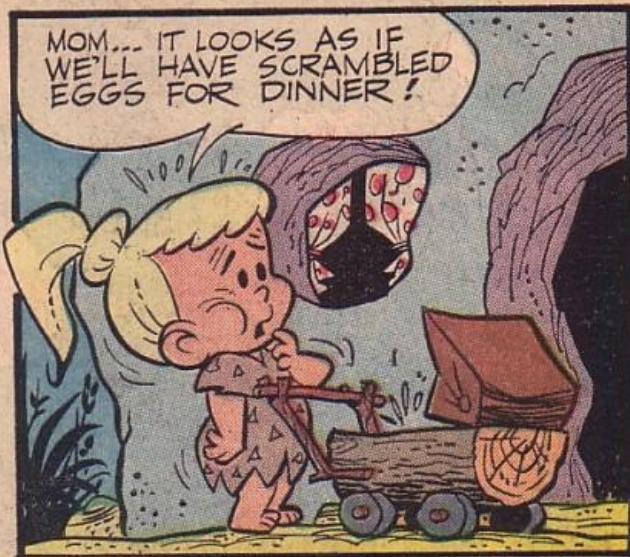
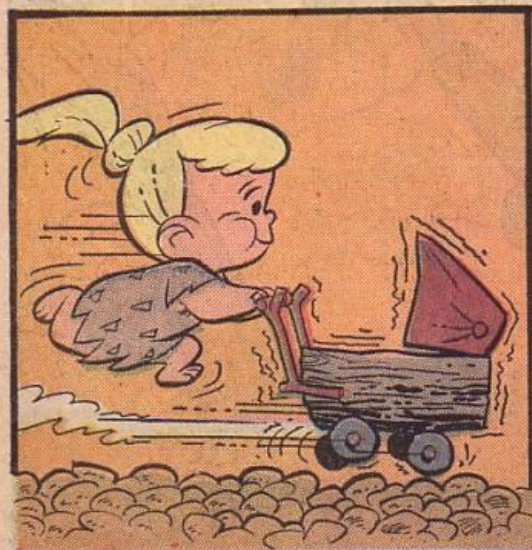
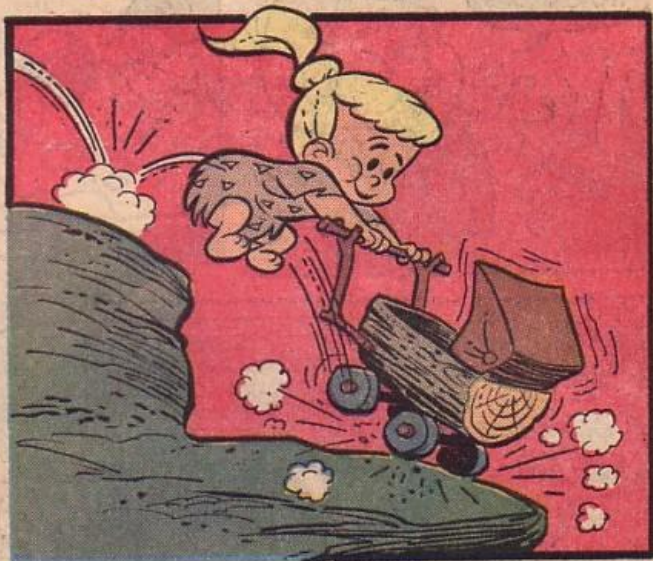
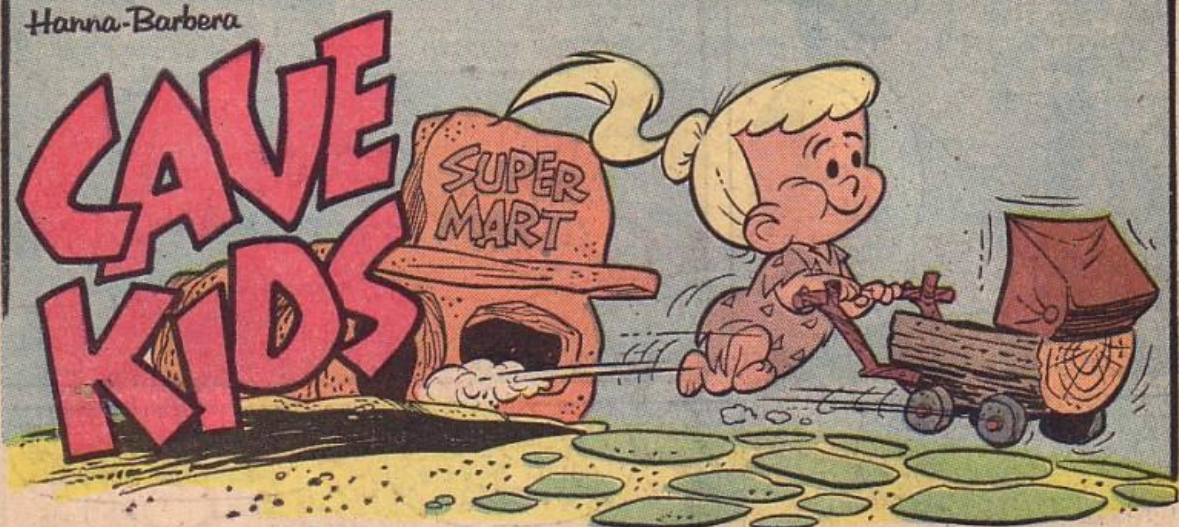








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